But Love is blind, and Lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit:
For if they could, *Cupid* himselfe would blush,
To see me thus transformed to a boy.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my Torch-bearer.

Ies. What, must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves goodfooth are too too light.
Why, tis an office of discovery, Loue,
And I should be obscur'd. *Lor.* So are you sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy; but come at once,
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayd for at *Bassanios* Feast.

Ies. I will make fast the doores, and guild my selfe
With some moe ducats, and be with you straight.

Grat. Now by my Hood a Gentile, and no Iew.

Lor. Beshrow me but I love her heartily.
For shee is wise, if I can judge of her,
And faire shee is, if that mine eyes be true,
And true shee is, as shee hath proov'd her selfe:
And therefore like her selfe, wise, fayre and true,
Shall she be placed in my constant soule. *Enter Iessica.*
What, art thou come? on Gentlemen, away,
Our Masking mates by this time for us stay. *Exit.*

Enter Anthonio.

Anth. Whose there?

Grat. Signior *Anthonio?*

Anth. Fie, fie *Gratiano*, where are all the rest?
Tis nine a clocke, our friends all stay for you:
No Maske to night, the wind is come about,
Bassanio presently will goe abourd.
I have sent twenty out to seeke for you.

Gra. I am glad on't, I desire no more delight,
Then to be under-sayle, and gone to night. *Exeunt.*

Enter Portia with Morocho, and both their traines.

Por. Goe, draw aside the Curtaines, and discover
The severall Caskets to this noble Prince:
Now make your choyse.

Mor. This

Mor. This first of gold, wh
Who chuseth me, shall gaine wh
The second Silver, which this
Who chooseth mee, shall get as
This third dull Lead, with w
Who chuseth mee, must give a
How shall I know if I doe ch

Por. The one of them cont
If you choose that, then I am

Mor. Some God direct m
I will survay th'inscriptions b
What sayes this Leaden Cask
Who chooseth me, must give an
Must give, for what? for lead
This Casket threatens men th
Doe it in hope of faire Advan
A golden minde stoopes not t
Ile then nor give nor hazard o
What sayes the Silver with h
Who chooseth me, shall get as m
As much as he deserves: pause
And weigh thy value with an
If thou beest rated by thy esti
Thou dost deserve enough, and
May not extend so farre as to
And yet to be afraid of my des
Were but a weake disabling o
As much as I deserve; why that
I do in birth deserve her, and i
In graces, and in qualities of br
But more then these, in love I
What if I straid no farther, but
Lets see once more this saying
Who chooseth me, shall gaine wh
Why thats the Lady, all the wo
From the foure corners of the
To kisse this shrine, this morta
The Hircanian deserts, and the

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